

1851

Probate inventory, Estate of Samuel Haynie, 1851

Daniel Hunt

Elizabeth E. Treadwell

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ALBUM

To Dearest Sister

This book for friendship offering was designed,
To instruct, to please to elevate the mind,
Let then no page be stained with wish or thought
Which from a fountain pure was ever brought
But pure as thy heart unsullied as these leaves
Be every thought and word this book receives

With much affection ^{from} your friend

Rev
J

Miss L. Ferraby " " " "

" Dost thou not see in Fanny's eye
A soft, a pure, dazzling star,
That seems to melt in yonder sky,
Yet still keeps smiling on afar?
What speaks its eloquent smile to thee?
"Follow, follow, Follow me!"

J. M. G.

For Lou, my dear friend.

Remember me when thou shalt find
The breathing rose ⁱⁿ before sinking pine.
But let not your remembrance pass
Like that sweet rose before its noon.

At-mornings dawn at evening side,
When nature smiles and all is glee,
And happy visions o'er you glide,
Then dearest Lou remember me.

Your true friend Jane

Ackbaro

N. B.

To my sweet friend

At midnight hour I love to think
On those most, most dear to me,
And memory often at that hour
Would gladly wing its flight to thee.
I would not that my form should rise
Before thee in the hours of glee,
But when thou thinkest on friends sincere
I wish thee to remember, to remember me

Forget not your devoted friend
Olivia Lane

Colleg. hill



SARATOGA LAKE.

There is a voice, whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast,
I would not hear a sordid strain,
Unless that voice could join the host
My God

To Lute.

There is one, I now am waiting to,
I confess I do love very well;
I want, still, who it is shall be, thee
Unless these instincts do tell

Bettie Seymour

Spencerburg, Va,

These words are best - I ask forget me not.

Carrie

Augusta. July 11th /53.

William Thompson
Augusta
Ga.

To dearest Lou.

Though we may never meet again

Thy image I shall e'er retain

And while thy goodness I commend

Thy heart with peace will call the friend.

Sept ¹² 14 - 1851

Your sincere friend

Mary Byrum

To dear Lou,
Yours

O my friend I never never
shall forget to think of thee.
And I hope that thou wilt ever
midst thy joys remember me.

Yours true friend
Annie Cranford

Goldsboro N.C.
May 4th / 53.



Printed by C.R. Leslie.

Engraved by A.L. Dick.

HAPPY MOMENTS.

Paris, 1841.

Who I no more shall



For My friend Lou.

Forget me not what a feeling,
Those little magic words impart,
Absence and love at once revealing
They sadden while they sooth the heart.

Forget me not; what ever else
In life's preconvious path beset thee,
I will sooth me if affection knows
That you & love will not forget me.

Your devoted class mate

Susan, M. Bell,

Chatham, Co. N. C.

Septemberth 25 1851.

To You

Forget me not I only ask
This simple boon of thee
And may it be an easy task
Sometimes to think of me

Your friend
Norman

In after years when you are old,
The day of pleasure past,
And think of joyous hours that all,
Have flown away too fast.

If some forgotten air you hear
Bring back past scenes to thee;
And sadly charms the listening ear,
Keep one kind thought for me.

And amid thy pleasure should a sigh
Unheeded fall from thee,
While the bright tear drop seals thine eye
Keep one kind thought of me.

Ever your sincere friend.

Anna



W. H. Bartlett.

VIEW OF HUDSON CITY AND THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

A. L. Dick.

Worcester Press.

To Dearest Love

Farewell perhaps we next will meet
In yonder world to which we haste
And join to rest at Jesus feet
While we his love shall taste
Should therefore fill our minds
With such a hope it must be well
Oh no, but we should look behind
And smiling say - my friend farewell

Your devoted

Friend

Carra O

My fair one's voice I love to hear
When on the soft wind is wafted near
No music half so sweet to me
As Mary's voice beneath the willow tree,
Then all anxious care are lost
To calm the bosom that once was tossed
I near her side I take a seat
And hear those words which sound so sweet
Then let me ^{gaze} just a minute
While you sing your lovely sonnet
Upon that cheek that glows so bright
And see those eyes of sparkling light
To leave you then would be a sin
To take this pledge my finger ring
And wear it then both night & day
And think of me though far away.

Amare; te.

My very dearest friend Lou.

Oh now, in the fervour of youthful devotion,
Let religious mild precepts be cherished by thee
Be sweetness of temper thy proudest attainment
And the pearl of great price thy chief ornament

Your true friend

D. A. P. Exum

Wayne Co.
N. C.

Miss Louie Farabee

Beto Mr. Harbison \$500. That

that she will discard him yet -

I
Bess Little

Sunday Morning
July 19th

Dearest Lou

"Sweet girl wilt thou think of me
When friendships of flowers around thee wreathing
And loves delicious of letting
Within thy ear is softly breathing

O let my friendship in the wreathing,
Though but a brief smile the flowers
Its sweet fragrance round thee breathe
I will besure to soothe thy weary hours,"

Remember your friend

Aminta Edridge

Selected for Miss L. F.

"What can I ask for thee? thou hast but known
Of Life its fairest poetry and flowers;
Time hath yet lent his downiest plume alone
To speed thy step amid the rosy hours.
On zephyr-wings, thro' Hope's enchanted bowers,
Thy heart's young dreams glide a perpetual crowd—
Thy passing days are shadow'd by no cloud—
And all thy tears are brief as April showers;
What shall I wish thee? Could the power be mine
For aye, to rule thy horoscope of doom;
Good angels should a radiant wreath entwine
Of fadefest flowers, around thy path to bloom.
Thy future life should be, fair as its glowing morn—
And mid Earth's roses, thou shouldst never feel a thorn."

Affectionately yours.

A. J. S.

Sept 11, 57.



E. Corbould.

A. L. Dick.

THE MINIATURE.

Wells, Print.

To my very dear friend
Friendship! first treasure of the breast,
Strong as the steeple on iron prest,
Unchanged by trial, time, or shore,
And firmer still as cools the ore!
Whether the earth's deluding round,
How art thou sought, how art thou found?

But what is earth life itself? A dream,
A pageant of the things that seem—
Youth, fiery manhood, roary age,
They pass over a painted stage,
Our very world a whirling sphere
And shall we ask for Friendship here?

Dim children of the storm and cloud,
Where all is shadowy but the shroud—
Where hope, love, genius, beauty, power,
Pass like the summer's gleaming shower
Shall to our grasp the form be given,
Best born in Heaven, and made for Heaven,

Your sincere friend & schoolmate
College Hill May 28 1852.
True,

For My Little friend Lou.

I would that thou shouldst ever be
Thus free from weary care,
That thy young brow its holy calm
On earth may ever wear.
But, as such perfect happiness
To mortals is not given,
I'd have thee dream thy life away
And only wake in heaven.

Yours with affection

Greensboro. F. College

Septem. 12th. 1851

Lucie M. G.

Luti
We part perhaps forever. But we forget not
your "Indiana". Evelyn

Sweet Friend

I need not here usurp the page
To court the heart of fleeting fame
Enough for me in after years
If in thy memory dwell my name,
For future years in distant climes
Whatever our future fate may be,
A spell to call back bygone times
Still dwelleth here — Remember me

College Hill.

May 14. ¹⁸/₇₁ 59

Your sincere friend
Sarah.

In after years when you recall,
The days of pleasure past
And think of joyous hours that all
Have flown away too fast.

If some forgotten air you hear
Brings past scenes to thee;
And sadly charms the listening ear
Keep me kind thought for me

In fairer scenes, mid brighter skies
Perchance you still may be
Then let your fond heart warmly prize
Your true friend, L. C. B.

And amid thy pleasure should a sigh
Whispered fall from thee,
While the bright tear-dep seals thine eye
Keep me kind thought for me.

Williamston P.B. May 27. 1851.

Very affectionately Lucy

Amid all the tenderness of unbounded affection,
Dear Lou, may Christian firmness be exhibited, as a bright-
and glowing gem, in the constellation of your many graces; is
the ardent wish of yours

Sincere Friends

A. F. C.

of

Williamston, N. C.



Edw^d Corbould.

Durand & Co

THE RESCUE.

Wm. H. Jones

Dear Friend

Is it true that we must part - that the cords of love, which have so long bound our hearts together, must be severed? Sad thought! yet - let us not go forth into the world with mournful hearts. God now call us to part, and after a few more changes of seasons - a few more blasts of the mighty tempest - a few more joys and sorrows of this world, He will take us, if we have been faithful to a bright home, where joy, love, peace and purity dwell and where the sad knell of farewell is heard no more.

Fare you

AD

Your friend
M. L. N.

Dearest Lou.

O, may I still remembered be
Remembered still by thee
Or shall I be forgotten by one
Whom I no more shall see.

Forever your devoted friend
Kate Speight.

Dear Lou

"Prosperity attend thee,
My fair and gentle friend,
May fortune still befriend thee,
And all its pleasures lend.

Through life as thou dost wend thee,
May heaven its blessings send,
Like seraphs to attend thee,
For evermore, my friend.

May angel arms defend thee,
And over thy pathway bend,
And peace and comfort send thee
In life and death, my friend."

Greensboro College

Your true friend
Ellen

To dearest Lon

If dark misfortune's iron hand,
Relentlessly be fixed on me,
When I am in some distant land
Most surely then, I'll think of Thee

If fortune smile upon my lot,
And none around but friends I see,
Believe me, I'll forget Thee not,
But fondly then I think of Thee.

Where'er my lot is cast on earth,
What'er my future fate may be,
In sorrow, joy, despair, or mirth,
I'll ne'er forget, - I'll think of Thee.

Yours sincerely attached friend
Jonesville, Gadsden Co. } Gallie

N.C. Feb 10th 1852

Ashland Cottage. Shelby County Tenn
July 3rd 1857. —

A. M. S. May 1858

Miss Lou A. Harabe
Ashland Cottage
Shelby County
Tenn



Painted by P. J. M. M. M.

Engraved by J. M. M.

Interior of a Highlanders' Cottage.

Wm. M.

To Dearest Lou.

Farewell! whatever be my lot

While feeling burns within my heart,
Although by thee, perhaps, forgot,
On thee remembrance oft will rest

In pleasure's time, my heart will say,
Though brightly move these moments by
Yet far less bright and blest are they,
Than those I knew when thou wert nigh.

And oft in sorrows lovely hour,
Thy memory on my soul will steal,
Like music's strain, with magic power
To chase away each thought of ill.

Farewell! may sorrow never thrill
That breast, where truth and peace reside,
But unprofaned by anguish still,
May all thy hours in sweetness glide.

Forget not your devoted friend
Sarah Mays.

E. P. College N. C.
May 28th/52.

To dearest Lou.

Remember me how few how short
Those touching words that little spell
What thoughts arise what visions throng
In wakened fancy's holiest cell.

They tell of many a change to come
May every change bring joy to thee
In pleasures light in sorrows gloom
In weal in woe remember me.

Yours with affection
R. H. B...

Dearest Love

Flowers that bloom to wither fast
Light whose beams are soon overcast
Friendship nann but not to last,

Such by earth are given;
Seek the flowers that never shall fade;
Find the light no clouds can shade
Win the friend who never betrayed
Those are found in Heaven

Yours sincere friend

Nannil M.....

Goldston N. La

Lou.

I think of thee when ever last blush
Falls snow-white on heart and eye,
Of thee when morn's first glories gush
In gold and crimson o'er the sky;
I'll ^{think of} - thee 'mid spring's sweet flowers,
And in the summer's brightest glow,
Of thee in Autumn's purple bower,
And gloomy winter's waste of snow.

Do you ever think of me?

July -



J. M. Wright

A. L. Dora

HIGHLAND MARY

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old Scotia's shore?

Words, Burns

" As gazing on the Pleiades,

We count each fair and starry one,
Yet wander from the light of these

To muse upon the Pleiad gone—
As bending o'er fresh gathered flowers,

The roses most enchanting hue
Reminds us of but other hours

Whose roses were all lovely too—
So, dearest, when I rove among

The bright ones of this foreign sky,
And mark the smile, and list the song,

And watch the dancers gliding by,
The fairer still they seem to be

The more it stirs a thought of thee!"

Yours fondly and truly,"

Nannie

Speedsville,"
N. C.,

May 28th, 1852.

To my sweet friend
At midnight hour I love to think
On those most dear most dear to me
And memory often at that hour
Would gladly wing its flight to thee
I would not that my form should rise
Before thee in the hours of glee,
But when thou think'st on
Friends since I wish thee to remember me

Your sincere friend

Goldsboro

Norris

April 26 1853

Dearest Lou.

"When other scenes engage your mind,
When other joys and friends you find,
Let memory oft reach this spot,
Lest friends made here should be forgot,
And long as life's long chain extends
Remember me among your friends."

Ever your true friend
Emma.

G. F. College.
N. Ca.



J.J. Jenkins

A.L. Dick

FLORA MAC IVOR.

Hors. Print

For darling Lou.

"Be around thee, wherever thou rovest;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, & all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly
Like spring showers they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly."

May time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.
As half in shade & half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances."

Tom Moore

Thy friend.

E. C. L.

To Love dearest

In after years, when turning to survey
The sacred joys of many a happy day,
If on this page you chance to cast your eye,
Beholding the scenes of pleasures long gone by.
Pardon me you turn and kindly lend
A fond remembrance of your True friend

Hallie H.

To dearest Lou

I'll think of Thee when Time has set
His, withering signet on my brow;
Though age may dim my vision yet
I'll love Thee as I love Thee now.

Think not that years can change my heart,
Though other friends may altered be
Affections true shall never depart
And I will ever be true to Thee

Ever your True friend,
Bettie J. Burnett.

May thy happiness be glowing as the sunny South,
And all thy reasonable anticipations, be realized,
At thy Home, whither thou goest, and
At thy Home, where thou shalt stay

@@@...

Constancy

She clung to him, with woman's love
Like ivy to the Oak,
While on his head with crushing force
Earth's chilling tempest broke.

And when the world looked cold on him,
And blight hung on his name,
She soothed his cares, with woman's love,
And bade him rise again.

When Care had furrowed over his brow,
And clouded his young hours;
She wove amidst his Crown of thorns,
A wreath of love's own flowers.

And never did that wreath decay,
Or one bright floweret wither;
For woman's tears e'er nourished them
That they might bloom forever.

'Tis ever thus with woman's love,
True till life's storms have passed;
And like the vine around the tree,
It braves them to the last.

Forget me not! I only ask
This simple boon of thee,
And may it be an easy task
Sometimes to think of me

Thine friend
Marie

S F College

1858

To Dearest Love,
If ever life should seem
To thee a toilsome way
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day.

If like the weary dove
O'er shoreless ocean driven
Raise thou thine eyes above
There's rest for thee in heaven.

Ever your true friend.
J. B. Marsh.

Oct. 5th 1851.

My dear Lou,

How can I say farewell to
one I love ardently and devotedly; but it is
indeed so, the time has come for us to part; but
our friendship need not be severed; let us still
cherish the memory of other days, and rejoice in
prospect of meeting again.

"Where the faded flower shall blossom
Blossom never more to fade."

Dear Lou. I wish much for your happiness; but
my friend seeks it not in the things of earth. wisely
improve the happy season of youth; and when
your sun of life shall decline, may it set
— As sets the evening star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west,
Nor hides obscured beneath the tempest of the sky
But melts away into the light of heaven."

C. C. F.

To my very dear friend Lou

Sweet Lou, with thou think of me
When music's tones are round thee thrilling
With a soft quivering melody,
They gentle heart with raptures filling?
Oh let my voice, like that loved strain,
Touch in the heart the chords of feeling,
Like long broken music, breathed again
By zephyrs, o'er a pined harp stealing

New Beers

N. Ca.

Nov 17th 1852

Your true friend

Lou Dequid

Forget not your friend

Dearest Lou

"Farewell" is a cruel word, that brings tears to the eyes, and sighs from the heart, but cruel as it is, it must be spoken. The tie that has bound us together is the dear relationship of schoolmate must now be broken asunder.

We must part dear Lou and go out to steer our own barks across the stream of time. May no storms burst upon you in "Life's voyage" but may gentle winds waft you safely into the haven of eternal Peace

Your true friend

M. E. Rich.

Hamington

N.C.

Dearest Lou

Remember me when I am gone
Where ere, Where ere you be
And think of all the happy hours
That I have spent with thee
And if thou hast forgotten them
If they so soon have past from thee
Remember oh, remember them
They still are dear to me

Your sincere friend

L. W. S.

Weymouth 22a

To Lou.

By the gloom that shades my heart,
When fair girl from The I part.
By the deep impassioned sigh

Half suppressed when thou art by
When thy hand by mine is pressed
Canst thou doubt my thought
Sweet Lou. Then say Oh say
You love me!

Summer is here with its bright-sunny
days - its beautiful flowers and balmy air.
May the voice of Nature be listened to
with reverent attention: It looks out
with mild love, and pleads yearningly
saying "Daughter, be happy: be of a child-
like loving heart! Follow the world less;
follow Jesus more. Let thy heart rest
often on Him. oftener on Him who
made all things.

As each bright Summer passes, may
it leave you, more loving and gentle,
stronger in faith, and thine eye more
firmly fixed beyond this life, - to the
land where the storms of life never
come - the rainbow of hope never fades.
But if sorrow comes, remember "Earth hath
no sorrow which heaven cannot heal"

Affectionately your friend
E. S.

"
Dear Friend, wilt thou think of me
When Music's Tones are round thee thrilling
With a soft quivering melody
They gentle heart withapture filling:
Oh! let my voice like that loved strain
Touch in thy heart the cords of feeling
Like long hushed music breathed again
By zephyrs over a wind-harp stealing

Dear Friend, wilt thou think of me
Ah! though we shall by fate be parted
Wilt thou embalm my memory
The memory of the loving hearted.
Oh! let our spirits then unite
Each others are in sweet communion
Our thoughts will mingle in the flight
And Heaven will bless the secret union."

Thine attached friend. L. C. B.

College Hall. May 1852.

To dear Loo

"Peace be around thee wherever thou rovest,
Thy life be for thee one summer day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
No sorrow e'er this calm should break,
Thy even thy tears pass off so lightly,
That like spring showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.
is the desire of your
friend, Fannie.

Oxford,
N B.

To my sweet friend Lutea
True friendship weeps not ⁱⁿ the tear alone
And speaks not always in the loud ^{glean} drawn
Deep in the soul she makes her loved ^{sweet}
Kindles her after and creeps her seat
She has a voice; but it is still and small
And sympathy is ever at her recall
She has a cord which binds two hearts
Absence cannot break = its strength is unknown
Yours love friend
Eliza S. H.

New Brunswick
N. B.

